Quee. *Berowne* did ſweare him ſelfe out of all ſuite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my ſeruice, and his ſword.
No poynt(quoth I)my ſeruant, ſtraight was mute.
Kath. Lord *Longauill* ſaid I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he calde me?
Quee. Qualme perhapt.
Kath. Yes in good faith.
Quee. Goe ſicknes as thou art.
Ros. Well,better wits haue worne plaine ſtatute Caps,
But will you heare; the King is my Loue ſworne.
Quee. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted Fayth to me.
Kath. And *Longauill* was for my ſeruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as ſure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madame,and prettie miſtreſſes giue eare.
Immediatly they will againe be heere,
In their owne ſhapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignitie.
Quee. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will,God knowes,
And leape for ioy,though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours,and when they repaire,
Blow like ſweete Roſes,in this ſommer aire.
Quee. How blow?how blow? Speake to be vnderſtood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roſes in their bud:
Diſmaskt,their dammaske ſweete commixture ſhowne,
Are Angels varling cloudes,or Roſes blowne.
Quee. Auaunt perplexitie,What ſhall we do,
If they returne in their owne ſhapes to woe?
Roſa. Good Madame, if by me youle be aduiſde,
Lets mocke them ſtill as well knowne as diſguyſdes:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Diſguyſd like *Muſcouites* in ſhapeles geare:
And wonder what they were,and to what ende
Their ſhallow ſhowes,and Prologue vildly pende.
And their rough carriage ſo rediculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies,withdraw: the gallants are at hand,
Quee. Whip to our Tents as Roes runs ore land, *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the King and the reſt.

King. Faire ſir, God ſaue you: Wher's the Princeſſe?
Boyet. Gone to her Tent. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie commaunde me any ſeruice to her thither,
King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will,and ſo will ſhe,I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Berow. This fellow peckes vp Wit as Pidgions Peaſe,
And vtters it againe when God dooth pleaſe.
He is Witts Pedler,and retales his wares:
At Wakes and Waſsels,meetings, markets,Faires,
And we that ſell by groſſe, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his ſleeue,
Had he bin *Adam* he had tempted *Eue*.
A can carue to,and liſpe: Why this is hee
That kiſt his hand, away in courtiſie.
This is the Ape of Forme,Mounſier the nice,
That when he playes at Tables chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes; nay he can ſing
A meane moſt meanely, and in huſhering,
Mende him who can,the Ladies call him ſweete.
The ſtaires as he treades on them kiſſe his feete.
This is the floure that ſmyles on euery one,
To ſhew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And conſciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honie-tonged *Boyet*.
King. A bliſter on his ſweete tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Bero. See where it comes. Behauiour what wert thou?
Till this mad man ſhewed thee, and what art thou now?
King. All haile ſweete Madame,and faire time of day.
Quee. Faire in all Haile is foule,as I conceaue.
King. Conſture my ſpaches better,if you may.
Quee. Then wiſh me better,I will giue you leaue.
King. We came to viſite you, and purpoſe now,